

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE HEIR OF DOON CASTLE.

## THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XI.—WHO LIVED IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

ONE side of Doon Castle was a long curtain of wall, pierced with windows in the upper part, in order to light a handsome chamber called the picture gallery; though, wherefore so named, it would be hard to say, for the rarest things in the room were pictures; whereas there was an abundance of ancient furniture, and Irish curiosities in glass cases, of the clumsy fashion of the age, and weapons hung in brackets upon the oak-panelled

walls—weapons of all sorts, from the antique skene of the primeval Celt to the matchlock of his descendant the galloglass, and to the musket and cutlass in present use. Huge turf fires burned in two large hearths at equal distances down one side of the apartment; although, on the opposite side, the sunlight streamed in through the many-paned sashes, and printed diagonal impressions of them in radiance on the polished floor, within a yard of the metal dogs which guarded the fuel.

Other dogs, besides those made of metal, crouched before the wide, warm hearths. Captain Gerald was walking up and down the long chamber, and his canine

favourites had disposed themselves to rest in the meantime, perchance wondering at their master's superfluous exertion. There was Vengeance, a tremendous wolf-hound, shaggy as a bear, stretching his tawny length along almost an entire hearth to himself, having very ungallantly displaced Floss, Miss Butler's silky French poodle, who cowered in shelter of one of the andirons thenceforth, and glanced feminine resentment over it at her vast neighbour; there was Riot, a white lurcher, who looked as if he was always thinking of rabbits, and who snapped at them even in his hours of sleep; there was Esop, the ugliest and greatest favourite of all, who had crooked legs and twinkling eyes, and was as knowing as a human being, barring only speech, according to the servants.

Captain Gerald's exertion in walking was of the slightest possible amount. It was a lounge *à la militaire*; if he has never been partaker of the Bond Street lounge, invented by the most worthless prince in Europe, yet he practises it by nature. An easy nature, determined not to take too much trouble about aught till its passions were roused—considering itself immeasurably above the common cares of the common herd over which it was born to rule—an aristocratic nature to the backbone, embodying in itself the exaggerated prejudices of its class and period, therefore largely illiberal, while utterly unconscious of the illiberality. Verily, it did not believe, as would have been apparent had the question been put, in the same flesh and blood as appertaining to itself and to lower men—peasants, for instance. They were a subordinate species, to be regarded and treated somewhat as his dogs—petted or lashed as whim or conduct required. The feeling would last as long as the smart, the resentment be as deep as the injured skin of this inferior race. Yet Captain Butler was a good-natured man in the main; safe in his superiority, he was blind to the smouldering going on in the lower classes of society; he thought his father unnecessarily severe—not from any principles of justice or kindness on his part, but simply because he was, as aforesaid, an easy-going man, and would fain take no trouble about anything. But at bottom he was, to the full, as prejudiced as the colonel, and as imbued with class-feeling.

Sauntering, whistling, his ears were attracted by sounds under the windows. There were the horses, sleek and highly groomed, walking before the little side-entrance on the gravel, led by a lad almost in rags, the "gossoon" of the establishment, on whom all odds and ends of work, and whatever seemed nobody's business, descended. Captain Gerald threw up the window, and became aware of Bodkin also loitering below.

"Holloa, Mike!" The boy turned up one eye, the other being closed for excess of sunlight, and made a respectful duck, the only obeisance in his power, as he durst not let go the two bridles. The bailiff's unworthy hat was in his unworthy hands immediately.

"Walk them in the shade, d'ye hear? They'll have enough of heating by-and-by. Take them round to the front entrance."

After another duck of subservience, Mike obeyed. Captain Gerald watched them till they passed out of sight round the angle of a buttress, with the criticising eye of ownership, and then stayed a minute gazing at the sheen of the little river that lapsed by close to the terrace, from the other side of which canal-like ribbon-river spread the greenest expanse possible, with a few mottled cows enjoying it, and some dusk shadows of a darker green under scattered trees. In the distance of the demesne rose the grey ruin which named the place, all its outlines softened by a clasping ivy.

"A beautiful April day," quoth he, glancing upwards for the cause of a shadow which began to move across the lands, though he of course knew that it was a cloud on the blue sky. Many an ignorant peasant on his estates would have added to any remark upon such weather an utterance of devout thanks to God; but Captain Gerald never thought of these things out of church or Sunday.

He resumed his sauntering and soft whistling, thinking to himself that Evelyn was a long while donning her riding-gear, and switching his top-boots with the silver-handled whip in his fingers, when presently a sharp snapping bark and rattling of a chain, followed by a chattering which sounded like wicked laughter, made him turn round. The monkey on the pedestal in the end bay-window was showing all its teeth, and snarling from a safe height at Esop, who had been lying peaceably asleep on the hearth near by, when it stole down and slyly pinched his tail beyond endurance. The injured member now wagged fiercely, responsive to the furious growls of its owner, who, at his master's voice, ran to him and whined a complaint.

"Ha, Spitfire, so you've been at your old tricks!" The monkey chattered, and grinned, and twitched its alert little pink-edged eyes. "Yes, look penitent and abject now that you see my riding-whip;" and he snapped it over the beast, without, however, touching it. "You must keep out of her way, Esop, old fellow!"

This was, in truth, the only remedy against Spitfire's tricks; for chastisement had no effect whatever. The elfish propensity to do evil, to annoy and torment at any cost, was too strong in the creature's brain for even fear to subdue. The captain drew a little box from his deep waistcoat pocket.

"Place, sir, the Bum—I beg pardin, sir, Mither Bodkin—wants to spake to yer honour," said old Connor, coming up behind.

"Bid him walk in here," ordered Captain Butler, not leaving the neighbourhood of the pedestal, where he was offering the open snuffbox to Spitfire's nostrils. The monkey dodged about at the length of her silver chain, straining it to its farthest, from the hoop round her waist, and chattering and snorting abundantly; Esop sat licking his injured tail, and looking up now and then at the revenge, with a pleased bark.

The cringing figure of the bailiff came in, hat in hand, so softly, that the gentleman did not hear till the voice was at his elbow.

"Good mornin', yer honour, Captain; an' I came about a little matter o' business."

"Come round here, my good fellow; I can't see you, and I have a partiality for looking at the man to whom I am speaking," said the captain, still continuing to administer the snuffbox judicially.

Bodkin, if the truth must be told, did not very much care to be looking persons straight in the face; in fact, the very conformation of his eyes was a protest against it. But he complied with his young master's desire, though his eye glanced nervously at the restless monkey, of which he had a mortal dread, while his lips murmured the modest laugh—

"He, he, he! I beg pardin, sir, but yer so very funny, Captain!"

"Funny, Spitfire, am I? Do you hear that, old lady?" and by a dexterous manipulation of the box he drove the monkey to make a sudden spring for refuge on the crouching shoulders of the bailiff, hiding behind his big head, and glancing round it, while she grasped his hair.

"Oh—h—h!" roared Bodkin, with a violent start, dropping his hat and raising both hands to deliver his hair.

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But Spitfire only clung the faster, and chattered, and wriggled, and showed her double row of glittering incisors.

"Take care, take care!" warned the captain; "she bites like a fury; you'd better let her take her own time to come down, Bodkin; why, she has teeth that would nip the top off your finger in a moment."

Bodkin's hands descended as precipitately as they had risen.

"Oh, to be sure, to be sure, yer honour—I was only jokin'," with the lips that spoke turned to ashen whiteness, and the muscles that attempted a ghastly smile, quivering—"To be sure, yer honour: she's quiet enough, if she isn't pervoked, as I've heard." His hand nearly shot up again at a desperate pull of his hair, and a nuzzling in his neck which made him shudder. "An' sure, who'd pervoke a pet of yer honour's?"

"I'm afraid you have heard wrongly, then," replied the captain, leaning his arm carelessly upon Spitfire's pedestal, so that the box was held in a position to deter her from leaving her present perch. "She's quite as vicious—indeed, of the two perhaps more so, to those who let her alone as to those who annoy her. For you see, she has some respect for the latter. But now—what is the business, Bodkin?"

"I wouldn't trouble yer honour—only for the threats I'm daily meetin' wid from that thief Myles Furlong, ever since the colonel ordered him to be flogged; an' sure I was only doin' me duty, an' nothin' else—an' there's an offer for the forge now, from a man that's able to pay rint; an' Myles never pays none—an' the masher tould me to come to you whenever himself was out—an' I'm thinkin'—oh—h—h!" was wrung from the luckless man, by a scratch on his neck, administered from one of the monkey's hind hands.

"She's very playful," observed the captain, with a slight wave of his box towards Spitfire. "A most amusing creature!"

"Yis, yer honour, yis;" and Bodkin's restless eye seemed to be making frantic efforts to see the back of his own head, where his tormentor squatted; while Spitfire seemed thoroughly to understand that she had her master's permission to play what pranks she pleased with her present prey, and indulged herself accordingly.

"So Myles threatens you? I'll ride over to the forge myself this very day. A faithful servant like yourself must not be intimidated from his duty. Ah, Evelyn, you're come at last!"

Her forerunner had been a frightfully alert Italian greyhound, who spent his winter in a flannel waistcoat, and had his costume only lately lightened into a cotton coverlet of Turkey red; and in his ecstatic dancing he stopped short, like a suddenly rooted statue of a hound, opposite the spectacle of the enthroned monkey.

"I could not avoid the delay, dear Gerald," answered his sister, scarce able to control her amusement at the absurd position of Mr. Bodkin, and his pitiful attempt at obeisance; "but I am quite ready now."

"Well, Bodkin, we must defer the rest of our business till some other time, as I cannot keep Miss Butler waiting with her habit on. I don't know exactly how you'll get rid of Spitfire," added the captain, backing to the door with an open laugh, "unless she gets down of her own accord; for it would be as much as all your hair is worth to take her off by force. I'll send somebody to your assistance." But no sooner was he out of the doorway, than Bodkin seized the animal by the body, and with a ferocious jerk flung her off, parting with two clutches-full of his hair in the deliverance.

"You wretch of a beast!"—the infuriated bailiff shook

his fist at the animal—"I could skin you alive, so I could!" He put up his hand to his throat, all scratched with her sharp black nails, as if she had meditated the same operation on him, and had moreover commenced the experiment.

"Ha! so you've got rid of her?" said the captain, looking back through the door. Bodkin's scowl instantly changed into a sickly smile, and his growl into a cajoling whimper. "Surely I did not hear you scolding the poor sensitive pet?" And he came forward with well simulated anxiety.

"Is it me, sir? Me to scold any baste yer honour is plased to favour? You don't know Pat Bodkin, that his father was bailiff for forty year on dher yer honour's honourable grandfather, or you wouldn't ask, Captin. But I was only thinkin', sir—as I was a-coaxin' of her to make friends—wouldn't it be handier if her nails wor cut, sir?" rubbing his throat with a rueful air. "Beggin' pardin for saying the likes, sir?"

"Certainly not," said the captain, with emphasis. "I see you cannot be trusted alone with the poor animal, so come along;" a reproach which sank deep into Bodkin's nerves, according to the intention of its administrator. Nevertheless, he contrived to give another covert and most venomous shake of his hand towards the monkey's pedestal, as he followed his master from the gallery.

"But listen, Captin ashore"—as he crept down the broad stairs close to the balustrades—"Myles, the rebelly rascal! will be after tellin' yer honour he didn't ever go for to threaten me; don't b'lieve him. Vitriol warn't worse than his looks whenever I come across him—"

"I scarcely wonder," said the gentleman.

"There's another thing, Captin: the boys that have been diggin' in th' ould castle ha' found a great big hole, like a room, that wasn't ever found out before; an' they're expectin' there's goold hid in it," added the bailiff, "an' they won't leave two stones together, scarcely, wid searchin' an' scourin' out, if yer honour doesn't go over." Now, Bodkin had a desire to turn the captain's steps anywhere but to the forge and his foster-brother.

"Evelyn, shall we ride towards the treasure-trove?" said he.

"Bless yer honour, an' do," put in Bodkin.

"To the castle first, and to the forge afterwards," observed Captain Gerald, mounting. "It's my duty to investigate those threats;" and the rider moved away.

"He's one of the best haters I know," said the captain. "How consistently and persistently he has hated and tried to damage those Furlongs—I suppose from motives of jealousy engrafted on a naturally malignant disposition; though I believe him a faithful fellow in the main to the interests of our family, which are of course diametrically opposed to the interests of everybody else on the estates."

"I don't know why it should be so," said the gentle Evelyn, whom the problem of class-antagonism had often puzzled. "But here comes one who will agree with you."

#### CHAPTER XII.—AT THE FORGE.

UNDER the avenue of elms and beeches they had ridden some short way, through the balmy April weather, which was breezeless and almost too hot to-day, when they perceived a gentleman entering the vista at the other end, and spurring to meet them—a youngish man, furnished with a face which would have been handsome but for the purplish hue of claret which overspread it, and out of which stood two bold black eyes; he was dressed in full riding costume of leathers and tops. He vailed his hunting-cap to the lady, and brought up his beast with a prance and a curvet, after the flourishing manner of accomplished horsemen in his day.



"Have I the felicity and the honour of seeing Miss Butler in good health?" he asked in a loud jolly voice, bowing to his saddle.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Waddell," answered Evelyn. "I hope your sisters are quite—;" and the usual inquiries followed and were exchanged, ensued by some remarks from Captain Gerald on the animal bestridden by the new comer, which was a late arrival in his stables.

"As the colonel is not at home," observed Mr. Waddell, "my business at the castle ceases; unless, indeed, I could have had the pleasure and honour of paying my compliments to Miss Butler, which is likewise, as I perceive, impossible; and consequently—" He turned round his steed upon the other side of Evelyn's, for conclusion of his sentence.

"I hope I shall not intrude by accompanying you a little way?"

Evelyn made no reply; but her brother answered, "We were just going to examine into a discovery made at the castle, where my father has excavations going on—a discovery of subterranean chambers, and crocks of gold, for aught we know!"

"Anywhere, in the present company," responded Mr. Waddell, gallantly, and forthwith began to make himself agreeable, according to his ideas of the duty and its fulfilment. Talking in a very loud, cheery voice (his larynx seemed to be constructed solely for the open air of the hunting-field), he paid Miss Butler one or two broad compliments on her appearance, which called up a blush that he mistook for gratification. But her brother came to the rescue, and started other subjects—some political.

Among them was the law lately passed, called the Convention Bill, which declared that all assemblies, committees, or other bodies of persons elected, or otherwise appointed, with a view to preparing petitions to the king, or addresses to the Houses of Parliament, were illegal assemblies, and that all persons taking part therein were guilty of high misdemeanor.

"It cuts at the root of the United Irishmen," said Captain Butler.

"Hang 'em all, sir!" was Mr. Waddell's gentle remedy for the disturbed commonalty. "Shoot 'em down, every man! These are my principles, sir. Short and sharp, Captain. Don't be horrified, miss," to the lady; "but these detestable croppies don't deserve the least consideration! Desperate examples—that's the way to manage 'em."

"Poor creatures!" said Evelyn, turning her large grave eyes upon him; "could you not look down from the height of your superior mind and education, Mr. Waddell, and afford to be merciful while just?"

"Now that's the way the women will puzzle one," said that gentleman, with an appealing look to Captain Gerald. "I'm sure Araminta and Dolly think me a perfect monster because of my stringent measures to keep the peace. I'm sure I wish they'd all remain quiet, I do;" referring herein to the populace, not to the ladies. "But as they will not, I vow if I don't think shooting 'em the best plan."

Mr Waddell had the reputation of being a bully and a duellist, as well as a "jolly good fellow" of the species yeckle three-bottle men; none of which morsels of fame had served him much in Miss Butler's estimation.

The riders were now obliged to advance in single file over a narrow parapeted bridge, which had a marvellously high backbone and scant roadway, as if the builder had successfully worked out the problem of how it could be made as useless as possible. Perchance a wheelbarrow could

be driven over it, with care, but no loftier vehicle. Two persons might pass each other, if amicable; and the workmanship was solid enough for a thousand years. Silently sweeping under the single ivied arch flowed the little stream of Narrow-water, which had washed by the castle gardens shortly before, and by the lips of many a soft primrose in the fields.

"Ha! so the colonel has got wind of the discovery before us," said his son. "There's my father's favourite cob, resting on his oars;" by which extraordinary mixture of metaphor and fact he signified that the animal was without a rider at the present moment, and was tethered to a jutting stone. It was a sturdy brown beast, set on short legs, and of unlovely proportions altogether; very wide between the ears, and broad in the chest. "If I grow much stouter," said Mr. Waddell, who had a tendency to that defect, and was disposed to be melancholy over it, "I'll have to take to something like *him*." And he touched up his own handsome bay, with black points, till the animal caracoled again, but not a whit to Miss Butler's admiration, who sat well back on her thorough-bred, in the firm and easy attitude of a good horsewoman, and looked out for her father.

The colonel was afoot among his labourers, investigating the orifice, which proved to be the entrance to a sort of vaulted dungeon. With his lofty courtesy, he came at once to where his daughter was standing, to learn her wishes.

"Has there been anything found, papa? Any delightful old rusty bits of metal, or coins, or any other curiosity for the picture gallery?"

"Nothing but some bones as yet, dear, and links of a chain, which have rather frightened the labourers; I expect this ruin will be haunted henceforth. The bones are rather interesting."

"As if bones could ever be interesting!" pertly remarked Miss Evelyn, with all a young lady's ignorance of the marvels of physiology. "Don't tell me anything about them. I hope you will keep Mr. Waddell here with you, papa, and don't let him come to ride with Gerald and me," she added, with her hand on his shoulder, and her eyes on the figure of the obnoxious gentleman, who was walking with her brother to investigate the secret chamber. "Do, dear papa." The veteran promised—what could he do else?

"Capital place to hide in," observed Captain Gerald, as they returned to remount. "Eh, Waddell? high treason or petty treason, or rebellion, or any other ill to which Irish flesh is heir, might take shelter in that dungeon."

"Only cowards go to hide like rabbits," asserted Mr. Waddell, roundly. At this juncture the colonel laid a gentle detainer on him. "I am informed that you went to look for me at the castle, sir?"

And he was compelled to remain behind, and admire from a distance the figure of Evelyn, riding so easily and firmly in a rapid canter over the turf, which was almost a gallop, yet never swerving an inch in her saddle, never losing breath, never jerking her reins; evidently keeping up an animated conversation the whole time with her brother. "She's a splendid horsewoman," he said, drawing his breath hard.

"Who, sir?" and the colonel's brow contracted.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Mr. Waddell, without explanation, and looking sheepish.

They had ridden half-an-hour, at various paces, when they reached the forge. Here was Frenay, imperturbably manufacturing nails; and his old mother, who had darted into the inner chamber to draw a clean hood over her elf-locks, darted out again in two minutes.

"Masther Gerald, asthore!" She seized his hand, and pressed it again and again to her withered lips; she gazed at him with the most genuine affection. "My own foster son you are, an' you won't ever deny it! Acushla machree, an' its proud I am to see you this day! An' how is every bit of you, entirely, darlint?"

He laughed, and suffered her caresses of his hand, and returned to her pleasant answers, as he well knew how to do.

"What a beautiful child little Una has grown!" he said. "Nurse, I believe you have not seen Miss Eva?"

Old Jug dropped a deep curtsy. "I beg your honour's pardin for overlookin' yer ladyship," she said; "an' 'twas far from my intention to be disrespectful," continued the poor woman. Evelyn had alighted, and was speaking to the fair child, who played in front of the forge, building an edifice with bits of dark delf-ware.

"Why don't you come to see us, nurse?" said the young lady, having accepted her apology with a smile. "Yes, old mother Jug, why don't you come up to the castle?" repeated the captain, in his careless good-humoured way. "I have not seen you there time out of mind."

"Sure, Masther Gerald, mavourneen, I do have to be keepin' house for Myles, the poor boy, since he lost his wife—the heavens be her bed this day!" The old woman's eyes never wandered from the handsome features which she loved so well, even when she crossed herself. "Only for that, sure I'd never ha' stopped bein' yer own ould nurse at the castle, Captin'!"

"About Myles," began her foster-child, his brow darkening; "I came over to speak to him; but as he is absent, I may as well leave the warning for him. Though he is my foster-brother I cannot protect him against the consequences of his own deeds; and if he is not more circumspect—that means careful, nurse), he may get a rope round his neck before he thinks. He is watched, and his every action reported."

The old woman began to look nervously about her. Myles was absent; but Myles might return at any moment, and certainly in no mood to receive admonition from his foster-brother, who he believed had treated him unjustly. But the captain loitered, even when his warning was discharged, and he had read a long lecture to old Jug on the danger of secret societies, and the necessity of keeping her sons at home.

"I hope you know nothing about Defenders, and White-boys, and such fry?" said he to Freney, who stood by idle, the hammer dropping from his hand.

"Only to hear tell of 'em, yer honour," was the reply, with a blinking of his white-lashed eyes.

"I suppose you'd sooner be at a wedding or a wake, any night; come, take down the fiddle and give us the 'Boy with the Brown Hair.' What's this it is in Irish, nurse?"

"Arrah, see how he recollects ould times! Oh thin, how iligant you used to rowl the Irish words off yer tongue at three year ould, Masther Gerald! An' you had the darlin'est head o' hair, all weeshy curls that war like goold and silver meltin' up together."

He laughed. "Then I suppose you hardly think powder an improvement? Those curls have been translated from mine to Una's head now, nurse. Why, she's lovely as a picture, Eva; what a dazzling complexion!"

He raised her on the stone bench by the doorway, to have a better view of her downcast, shy face. "Come, I'll give you a pretty plaything to coax a look. Did you ever see a seven-shilling piece, little one?" He held it on high to attract the blue eyes' upward glance. "Take it, and keep it, to remind you of Captain Butler, Una."

The child instantly raised her head, and looked at him fully, with a sort of grave sternness which was singular in one so young.

"You cut my father's face," she said slowly. "Go away—I don't like you."

"Cut your father's face, child? What does she mean?" Nevertheless the captain's own grew red, as if he understood the allusion.

"Una—Una, ye're a bold child," said her grandmother, lifting her off the bench. "Yer little tongue has too much liberty entirely: go into the house, mavourneen. Never mind her, Masther Gerald dear; sure she's a silly little crathur."

"Let us come away," said Evelyn, who was getting uncomfortable. Her brother placed his hands for her foot, and lifted her into the saddle with a displeased countenance. The old woman's protestations were numerous. She really loved this foster-son with a prouder and deeper love than her own.

### WILD CATTLE HUNTING IN TEXAS.

The immense prairies of Mexico and Texas are well suited as feeding grounds for the Rancheros to raise their immense herds of cattle upon, the only expense being the wages of the vaqueros or herders. In Mexico these are generally peons, in Texas generally the sons of the stock-owner, with perhaps a hired Mexican or two to do the more laborious work; a regiment of these can be hired at twenty-five shillings a man per month, with board.

The vaquero, whether white Texan or yellow Mexican, is an accomplished horseman; he may not, perhaps, have been actually born in a saddle, but he has been pretty constantly there ever since he could sit at all. He laughs utterly to scorn the tedious process of European horse-breaking; nor would he think higher of even the artful Rarey's method, should it be ever described to him. His horse is lassoed, thrown, blindfolded, kicked up, saddled, and mounted in a few minutes, and after half an hour's "schooling,"

"A child might scatheless stroke his brow."

Even an elderly gentleman then might "be put up," though, perhaps, the following morning it might not prove a safe experiment, without repeating the process. Still, the vaquero would consider him a "gentled horse."

"He may throw his skin off, but he can't me," said a young Texan to me one day, as his just caught wild horse stopped perfectly exhausted, after plunging (pitching, it is there called) for half an hour, more desperately than any horse I have ever seen before or since—and I have seen some hundreds.

The lasso, too, in their hands is something more than a mere implement used in their business as herders; it is a weapon for the chase or for war. Mount equally the best *sabreur* and a Texan lassoer for a combat, and I would back the roper at any odds.

"Why are your Texan Rangers not armed with the sword?" is a question I have been often asked; and answered, "Because the Camanches use the lasso, and are too wise to come within the sweep of the Rangers' sword arm; and as the Indians will not fight at close quarters, the revolvers of Colonel Colt have been found the best weapon, and with them the Texans are armed, besides having, for close quarters, the bowie-knife."

However well the vaqueros may attend to their business, hundreds of cattle are overlooked by them every year; for at certain seasons the herds seek the forests. In the winter they are driven in by the cold "northers"

(north winds), which blow for a day or so about once a fortnight through the winter months. In the summer, for the sake of shade from the fierce sun, and for water—the prairie ponds being all dried up by the heat—they are compelled to seek the woods, lakes, and streams; here many meet and mix with the wild herds, and, remaining with them, become as wild, or if possible wilder than the very deer themselves.

The tame herds range freely over the prairies on the mild winter days, and, when the young grass shoots in the spring, remain wholly there, paying no attention to mounted men; but woe betide the man on foot, should they discover him.

The wild herds never venture upon the prairie until the night has closed in, and quit it with the first faint light of dawn, when, repairing to the dense canebrakes and deepest recesses of the forest, they remain there during the day.

A bright night, with the moon at the full, often proves fatal to many of these wild cattle. When it has been discovered where a troop of them are in the habit nightly of coming out on to the prairie, a party of men, clever in the use of the lasso, prepare for a run at them. The direction of the wind is carefully noted, for they are quite as keen scented as other wild game, and the hunters, well mounted, steal up under the shade of the forest. Usually they lead their horses, kicking the fallen branches out of the way, that no stick may snap—for the animals they seek are quick of hearing too—until they come in sight of the herd, which they watch till it has grazed out far enough on to the prairie for their purpose. Then comes the swift attack. Each selects his animal, generally previous to the rush, which prevents two people riding at the same beast; and it is very seldom that the horseman has his run for nothing, for they seldom make the run till the cattle are far enough out on the prairie to enable them to make a second cast, should the first miss. In broad daylight a miss would be almost out of the question with them, so dexterous are they.

The lasso is not my weapon for the chase, although, when in practice, I can throw it well enough to catch my horse in an inclosure, without running my legs off after him, and well enough to cast it over the horns or head of a straight running animal. I have always preferred the rifle, or double smooth bore, loaded with ball, to hunt wild cattle with.

The man who would kill wild cattle must be early on foot; he must be near their range, or supposed range, before day; he must not let them get his wind, but he must get theirs. If he is owner of a tolerably good nose, and has no cold in it, he will smell their strong bovine scent at a good distance. Any one who has been near a cattle pen early in the morning will understand what I mean. The subdued low of a cow, too, will be occasionally heard, as she warns her calf not to loiter. When he does get a sight of the herd, if it is not light enough for him to see through the sights of his rifle, he had better retreat before them till he can. It is no use making a bungling shot, which only makes the herd wild; for if he only wounds the animal, he may perhaps have to track it by the blood a mile or two, or perhaps bring a woodland duel upon his hands, which will put him on his mettle to hold his own. A wounded wild bull fights in earnest, as I have several times discovered; his rush, his weight, and stubborn anger, make him a formidable opponent. The hunting-knife is not easily brought into play with him should your gun be empty. If I had my choice, I should prefer a wounded bear to a wounded bull, half a dozen times over. If it is light enough for you to make a good shot, and you can shoot

as a woodsman should, the three spots here mentioned should be aimed for. If standing head on to you, the curl in the forehead, which is generally about two inches or more above the eyes; standing from you, the butt of the ear, so that your ball ranges across for the opposite eye; sideways, through the shoulder-blades, high up: either of these will drop your beeve in his tracks, and put him quickly out of pain. There is another point, but it requires rather more practice and judgment—through the loins; if you shoot too high it won't do: if you shoot too low, you paunch and madden your game, and he will perhaps lead you a tolerable dance before you finally kill him.

There is no danger from the herd, as a general rule, as each individual is too much occupied about its own safety; a cow will sometimes make a stand by her calf, if you have an inclination for veal. I killed, on a July morning in 1857, between four and eight o'clock, *i. e.* in less than four hours, three wild cows and five deer, riding three miles to my hunting-ground, and it was quite five o'clock before I could see to shoot; as, so far south, there is scarcely any twilight even in summer. It was upon very favourable ground—an extensive canebrake, which had been burnt off in patches, and where the young switch cane had grown three and four and five feet high, and where large bodies of cane, which had not been burnt at all, stood often thirty feet in height. It was my best morning's work, even in that hunter's paradise, when hunting had been my profession or business for years.

It is a backwoods rule, and a good one, never, under any circumstances, to move until you have reloaded your gun. On one occasion I nearly came to grief by not observing it. One afternoon I rode out of the forest into a small prairie: it was about two miles long, by about half that distance across, and was entirely surrounded by forest land. Here and there, scattered about it, were small clumps of bushes and young trees, as well as large solitary single trees, whose size and shade isolated them from their punier brethren. Altogether it had quite a home and park-like appearance. In some places the grass reached to my knee on horseback, in others it was as short as on a shaven lawn. It looked a likely spot for game of any kind that the country afforded, from a coon to the maneless Mexican lion; and I should have felt no surprise had the latter faced me, though it is a very shy and not often seen animal, unless after a long and difficult chase.

My horse was moving noiselessly over the short elastic turf, as we skirted a little pond, upon the margin of which grew high reeds and flags, and wild coffee weeds. All at once there was a great rustling of the reeds, and snapping of the coffee bushes, and out rushed a great red wild bull from the opposite side of the pond, who, after gaining some sixty or seventy yards, halted, turned round, and looked back, as though he did not quite understand what he was running from, or what had startled him. Aiming at his forehead, I sent my ounce ball upon its errand, and the bull dropped. Thoughtlessly, I galloped up and dismounted, leaving my horse loose, and, laying my unloaded rifle down, I drew my hunting-knife and proceeded to pierce the bull's throat. The first prick of its point resuscitated the stunned animal, who regained his legs in a moment, and I bolted to gain my saddle. I had left my horse loose a hundred times, and he had never attempted to leave me, but now he cantered off from me. It was no use thinking of hunting my steed, with the bull about to hunt me, for I saw my antagonist was going to charge. With lowered head and a deep bellow, down



he came right at me. I had just time to dash my broad sombrero in his face, and spring on one side as he passed; but as he did so, I caught his tail and held on to it as if I had frozen there: I knew it was my only safety. I believe he had never before had attached to his caudal appendage one hundred and eighty pounds weight; any way, he did not seem to relish it; for after four or five whirls round, he put his head straight for the forest at his best pace. As we passed a little clump of stout saplings, I released my hold and bolted into it for shelter; but Taurus never turned his head, and seemed quite as well pleased to be quit of me as I was to get rid of him. As soon as his form was lost in the forest, I returned for my knife and rifle, and lost no time in loading the latter; and, that finished, I sought my horse, who allowed me now to catch him at once.

A single wild bull is very often found: they are driven out of the herd by the others, as are the "rogue elephants" in India; but I do not believe it makes them more vicious. I made much use, when I was hunting regularly for a plantation, of some cattle dogs, which I allowed to run nothing but cattle and hogs. These dogs I used to keep at the heels of my horse, until we crossed the trail of either of these animals, when they were allowed to go and bring them to bay. By keeping my dogs well in I was often enabled to ride suddenly upon cattle when the wind was right, and so get a double shot before they knew of my presence.

I remember the Pytchley, when the *Squire* had them, and the Duke of Grafton's, when George Carter was prime minister. I have even had a spin over the vale of Belvoir, and plumbed the depths of the Whissendine; but I know of no more exciting work than when the saplings are bending like rye grass under the rush of a mighty herd. The frantic yelling of the dogs, the hoarse bellow of the cattle, and the crack, crack of the double barrel, as the furious beasts rush by or over you, with the chance of a headlong charge by a wounded bull, all add to the excitement. Without a dash of danger, sport loses most of its charms for the real hunter. In Texas, hunting is no mere pastime, but an important part of a settler's life; and in my own case, as I have already mentioned, it was for some years my professional occupation.

## WATCH AND WARD.

### CHAPTER I.—OLD TIMES.

THE practice of watching towns and cities during the night is doubtless of military origin, and the primary object of the watchers was to keep their charge secure from foes without, rather than from rogues within. How old the practice is, it is impossible to state with accuracy; but that it is extremely ancient we know from the frequent mention of it made in Scripture. Solomon speaks of "the watchmen that go about the city," meaning, without doubt, men regularly appointed for guarding the city by night; so that we have the establishment of an internal night patrol dating so far back as his time. The city watch appears to have been maintained in the earliest times of Greece and Rome; but among both Greeks and Romans it was in the charge of soldiers, whose civic duty it was to guard more against hostile surprise than tumult within; nor does it appear that they ever exercised those functions which form the peculiar duty of our modern police. The same may be said of the watchmen of the middle ages, who kept guard on the defences of walled cities, and patrolled the streets from time to time after dark, to certify that all was safe. The idea of a night-

watch as a prevention against robberies and violence, and destruction by fire, was of a much later date, and must have arisen from an increasing regard for human life and safety, and from the stores of material wealth which the cities began to contain, when the love of trade and commerce succeeded to that of war and conquest. No mention is made in ancient records of lighting as an accompaniment to watching, and it is not clear that either in the Greek or Roman cities, or in those of mediæval times, there was any settled provision for lighting the streets by night.

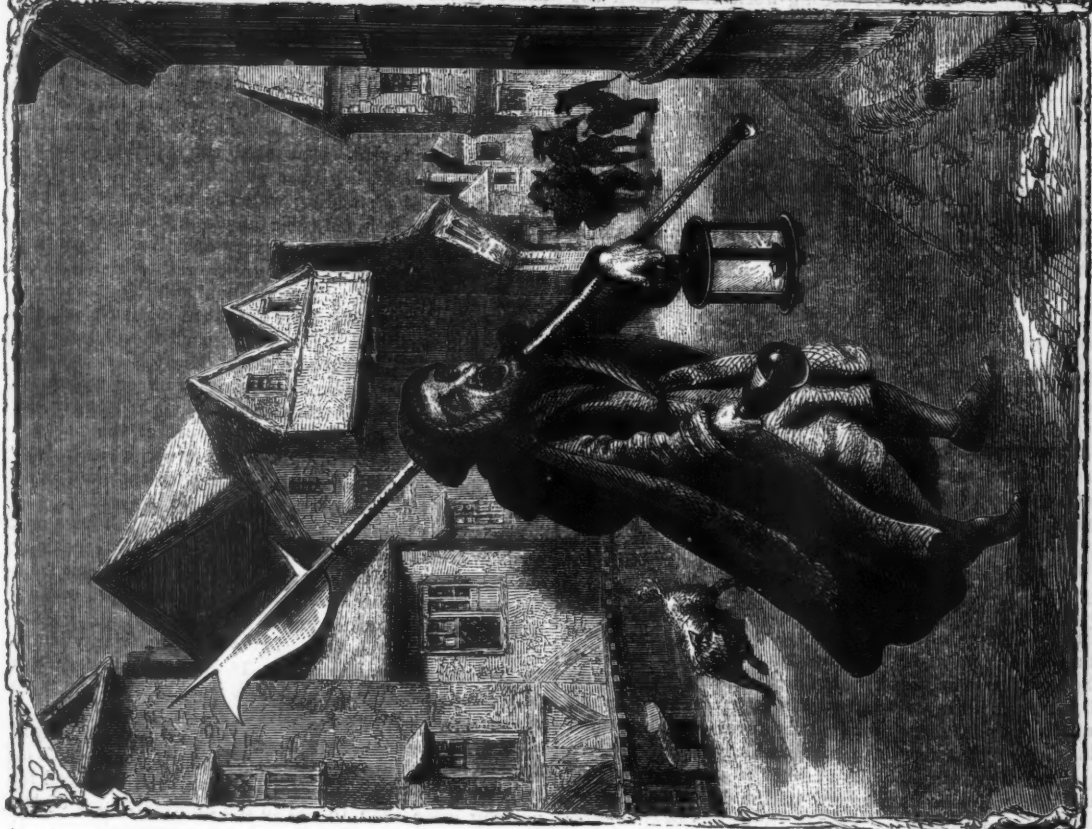
In our own country the practice of night-watching may be considered to date from prior to the Conquest, and certainly prevailed before that period; for a statute enacted by the first Edward decrees, that "from henceforth all towns shall be kept (watched) as hath been used in times passed, that is, to wit, from the day of Ascension to the day of St. Michael: in every city six men shall keep at every gate; in every borough twelve men; every town six or four, according to the number of the inhabitants of the town; and shall watch the town continually all night, from the sunset until the sunrising." It is plain, however, from these words, that such watches were only military watches peculiar to the necessities of a warlike age—the watchmen being only placed at the gates of the towns and cities, to look out against surprise, and not being charged with the supervision of the streets.

The first and earliest watch established in this country, for the benefit of the citizens, was one appointed mainly by the instrumentality of the citizens of London, in their exclusive interest, in the disorderly times of Henry III. This was a foot-patrol, whose duty it was to keep the peace of the city while the inhabitants slept, and to see that their dwellings and their property were secure. From some cause or other this watch proved a failure; chiefly, it is supposed, because those trusted with the guardianship of the streets became corrupted by the gangs of prowling rogues and vagabonds they fell in with, and, joining in the robberies and depredations they were paid to prevent, aggravated the evil they were appointed to cure. They were superseded, in 1263, by the appointment of a standing watch in the pay of the corporation, who continued their functions for a long period, though they were at no time very effective. A century later we find the Londoners grown rather sensitive on the score of their safety by night, and enforcing stringent measures to secure it. Every night at eight o'clock, the curfew bells were loudly rung from all the churches in the city; and if, after the bells had done tolling, any man was found in the streets carrying arms or without a light, he was marched off to durance, and had to give an account of himself. Each several ward of the city was watched, not by corruptible hirelings or a feeble foot-patrol, but by the aldermen and a sufficient number of members of the wardmote, mounted on horseback. To prevent the escape of thieves when pursued, bars and chains were fixed across certain thoroughfares, especially those leading to the river; while there was no exit from the city in any other direction, without coming in contact with the guard stationed at all the gates.

Even down to this time there were no stationary lamps for lighting the public ways. It is true that at certain periodical processions which took place at the recurrence of the annual summer festivals, when goodly numbers of the city watch were assembled arrayed in bright armour, they did carry lighted cressets borne aloft on long poles; but these seem to have been intended for nothing more than to add to the impressiveness of the pageant, and to render it visible to the spectators. It



WATCHMEN OF 16TH CENTURY.



WATCHMEN OF 17TH CENTURY.





LONDON POLICE; 18th CENTURY.

would appear that these processions only took place irregularly—being laid aside sometimes for years together, and then revived again, perhaps to give *éclat* to some civic festival. They were not, however, finally abolished until the year 1569. One of them, which took place on the occasion of the visit of Henry VIII to the city, in 1510, is described at length by Stow. The entire force of the city watch seems then to have been assembled, and their march through the streets was illuminated by nine hundred and forty cressets and large lanterns fixed at the ends of poles, and carried over the shoulders of the watchmen, effectually lighting the streets through which they passed. The king and his company were mightily pleased with the show, and his Majesty complimented the corporation, expressing his intention to witness it again.

Of the city watch as it was in Queen Elizabeth's time, we can form a tolerable notion from the pictures of the London watchmen which have come down to us, and from the portraits of honest Dogberry, in Shakespeare, making due allowance for a spice of exaggeration in the poet. The watchmen entered on their duties soon after sunset; they carried lanterns and clubs, or staves, and pole-axes of a rather formidable description, and they would seem to have had authority to take into custody any suspicious-looking person, irrespective of his committing an offence against the laws. One commission they were charged with, which would astonish the citizens of London in the present day: they were to apprehend and convey to the guardhouse any person making a sudden noise in the streets after nine o'clock; such a law enforced at a later hour in the present day, would deliver the sleepy citizens from a constant plague, and save much suffering inflicted on the sick and dying by midnight brawlers and drunkards, with whom our police seldom intermeddle.

We are justified in concluding that the city watch must have fallen into contempt by Shakespeare's time, and that it had the reputation at least of that degree of sagacity and intelligence which he has immortalized in the character of Dogberry, that delightful of boobies in office; who charges his subordinate numskulls to "comprehend all vagrom men;" who does not see "that sleeping can offend" in a watchman at his post; and who is convinced that a watchman "ought to offend no man by slaying him against his will." Whether the cogent satire of the poet had any effect in producing a better state of things it is now too late to ascertain.

The Great Fire of London, in 1666, which might, perhaps, have been confined to the limits of an ordinary calamity had there been an efficient night-watch, aroused the corporation of the city to a sense of their need; and shortly afterwards they began to take measures for their better security. The Common Council issued "An Act for the Prevention and Suppressing of Fires in the City of London." By this Act they divided the city into four equal portions, and ordered that each of the divisions should be provided with "eight hundred leathern buckets, fifty ladders, and so many hand-squirts of brass as will furnish two for every parish." They directed the watch to assemble at eight o'clock every evening, and that, as soon as they had met, one from each company should be sent his round into every part of the ward; that at his return another should be sent out, and so on all night, without interruption, until seven in the morning. By the same Act it was decreed that every householder, upon the alarm of fire, should place a "sufficient man" at his door, well armed, and should also hang out a light if the fire occurred in the night, under penalty of a fine of twenty shillings.

As London grew in extent, and increased in population, these measures were not found efficient; and, indeed, it is doubtful whether they were ever enforced; regulations of a more adequate kind had to be adopted, and means were devised to improve the character as well as to increase the efficiency of the watch. In 1705 another Act of Common Council was passed, repealing all previous Acts, and decreeing that each ward should provide a specified number of men to watch the city during the night, the number provided by all the wards being five hundred and eighty-three. The men who formed this watching brigade, however, were not persons accustomed to the duty, and paid for performing it; they were, in a sort, conscripts, enlisted whether they chose or not, since they consisted of the citizens, and shopkeepers themselves; they were compelled to perform the duty in rotation, upon pain of being fined, but were allowed to furnish substitutes at their own expense, if they found the office distasteful. We may be pretty sure that the duty ere long came to be monopolized by the substitutes, and that, whatever reform there may have been in the efficiency of the watchmen, the Act did little towards raising their general character. These watchmen of the wards were furnished with lanterns and halberds. To what extent they were effective in preserving the peace and the property of the citizens does not appear, though they followed their nightly occupation for a period of more than thirty years. About 1735 the corporation, grown weary of the burden of the watch, or dissatisfied with its incapacity, applied to Parliament for power to assess the inhabitants for the support of a body of men whose sole employment should be that of watching the city. An Act was consequently passed, which came into operation in 1737, and it was under this Act, the 9th of George II, that the body of watchmen were organized who held the charge of London streets until after the close of the war with France.

But how about the lighting of cities, as an aid to the watching and guarding? The first watchmen seem to have watched in the dark; for we hear nothing of street-lighting by night until a comparatively late period, unless, indeed, in case of fires, when the neighbours were compelled to hang out lights under pain of fines. It was in Paris, in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, when the city was infested with hordes of robbers, that the first regulations, of modern times at least, were made for street-lighting; the inhabitants being ordered by the municipality to hang out lights, after nine in the evening, before all houses which fronted the street. These lights not being found sufficient, or the order not being generally obeyed, the authorities put up at the corners of all the streets, and in other public places, a number of vessels or vases filled with pitch, resin, and other combustibles, which, under the name of *falots*, blazed up during the darkness and illuminated the spots where they stood. At a later period the *falots* were exchanged for lanterns in greater number, which were hung suspended from ropes stretched across the thoroughfares.

The Londoners probably borrowed their first ideas of lighting from the Parisians, though it was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that any regular plan was adopted by them of lighting the city. Whoever went abroad after nightfall, previous to 1716, had either to grope his way in the dark, or to carry a lantern or torch; and to carry a light was often more perilous than to go without one, since, though it served to guide the footsteps over the rough untended ways, it served at the same time to attract the notice of footpads and street-ruffians. At that date robberies, violence, and even murders were so common, that few persons who had

anything to lose would venture into the streets at night without a guard; it was then one part of the duty of the city apprentices to attend their masters when they were abroad after sunset, and defend them, if need be, with their clubs. By an Act of Common Council passed in 1716, the corporation ordered that every housekeeper whose house fronted any street, lane, or public passage in the city or the liberties thereof, should hang out on every dark night one or more lights, with sufficient cotton wicks to burn from six o'clock until eleven, on penalty of one shilling. By "dark nights" we are to understand those on which the moon was receding from the full; the nights between the sixth after the new moon and the third after the full being reckoned as "light nights." It appears to have been left to the watchmen to see that the housekeepers conformed to the regulations of the Act of Council; at any rate, they commenced their rounds as twilight set in, by bawling as they trudged along, "Lantern and a whole candle-light! Bring out your lights! Hear!" A "whole candle-light" was calculated to burn five hours, or until eleven o'clock. After eleven it may have been supposed that everybody would have betaken themselves to bed—honest men and thieves alike—and that lights were no longer wanted; if so, the rogues of a century and a half ago must have differed agreeably from their congeners of the present time. It is worth remarking, by the way, that this plan of lighting up the streets only on moonless nights, and of not lighting at all after eleven o'clock, strange and absurd as it may appear to a Londoner, is yet followed in hundreds of small towns and country places in England, the inhabitants deeming it a waste of gas to burn it throughout the night, when no one need be abroad to require it. We trust we may accept this fact as an indication of the superior honesty and morality of the smaller provincial towns.

But, as was the case with the watching, so it was with the lighting: it did not succeed well in the hands of the citizen housekeepers; and in consequence, the lord mayor and aldermen had to apply to Parliament for power to enable them the better to enlighten the streets. They obtained an Act of Parliament accordingly, and by virtue of its powers, which authorized them to levy a rate upon the inhabitants, to defray the necessary expenses, they set up, in the course of the year 1736, above five thousand glass lamps in the city of London, and about ten thousand more in the liberties and suburbs. These lamps, unlike the "whole candles" and "sufficient cotton-wicks" of the housekeepers, were calculated to burn the whole night through, from sunset to sunrise, and were on that account regarded by many as a gross example of waste and extravagance. The new lamps, however, shed very little light; and although they served well enough to guide the pedestrian on his route, they could afford him little protection against footpads and street-robbers. They were somewhat improved about nine years later, when Parliament, by an additional Act, authorized the corporation to assess the inhabitants at a rate not exceeding sixpence in the pound on the rents of their houses, to be applied in the support and maintenance of the street lamps. The torch-bearers and link-boys, who, previous to the erection of the lamps, enjoyed a monopoly in conducting strangers through the dark ways, must have received a severe check to their trade when the lamps sprung into being; but their trade was only scotched, not killed, by the oil lamps; for the link-boy led a merry life for the best part of a century after the London streets were lined with lamps. Among the oldest and pleasantest of our boyish reminiscences is the cry of "Link-boy! Link!

Link! Link!" which we used to shout with far more vehemence than was necessary, when, after a merry winter's party, we trudged home over the crisped snow, in the wake of that ragged "flaming minister," rejoicing in the shower of sparks which he shook from his waving torch, and sniffing up with gusto the odour of the pitch and resin.

#### CHAPTER II.—MODERN TIMES.

In the previous chapter, which describes the watching and lighting, such as they were, in the days of our forefathers, we have derived our materials principally from published records and accounts of those days, which lie open to the investigation of any one who may choose to examine them. The following particulars, however, will be gathered for the most part from our own experience, and will consist of details of which we were eye-witness, and which, though they were common enough some forty years ago, may perhaps strike the reader as being sufficiently curious and characteristic to merit his passing attention. Our knowledge of the great metropolis dates from the year 1814, the year of the great frost, when the last winter fair was held on the bosom of the Thames. At that date the system of watching and lighting was pretty much what it was for more than fifteen years later, that is, up to the time of the passing of Sir Robert Peel's Metropolitan Police Act, by which all the old provisions for watching were swept away, and the public safety consigned to the charge of fresh hands organized under an entirely new system.

The London watchman of our boyhood was a picturesque subject to look at, whatever objection might be made to him in other respects. He moved under a mountain of great-coats and capes, and was only rivalled in this particular by the drivers of the night coaches of those times; and it was hinted that he generally succeeded to the coachman's overcoats after the latter had done with them, and always wore as many as he could get. He stuffed the crown of his hat with hay to protect his head; he enveloped his throat and chin in neckerchiefs, seven to ten deep, and in cold weather would twist haybands round his legs to ward off the frost. He carried a stout staff in one hand, a lantern of about three gallon capacity in the other, and hung a monstrous rattle from his waist, with which he could make uproar enough to scare the citizen from his soundest slumbers. In this guise the guardian of the night sallied forth—in summer at ten o'clock, and in winter an hour or two earlier. When the clock struck ten, he proclaimed that fact to all whom it might concern, bawling "Past ten o'clock!" with all his force of lung, and usually adding his private views as to the state of the weather, such as "a rainy night," "a starlight night," etc., information which was not always to be relied on, especially if he had been fortifying himself for the duties of his watch at his favourite haunt, the "Cat and Fiddle," before starting. Sometimes, especially if he prided himself on a musical voice, he would further lengthen his cry by a friendly warning, singing, "Put out your fires, and take care of your lights!" or, "Bar and bolt and go to bed!" varying the burden of his song to suit the hour. This custom of crying the hour and greeting the citizens seems to have been imported from Germany, where the night watchers not only cry the hour, but chaunt snatches of pious verse from time to time, by which the inhabitants who may happen to be awake are made aware that their guardians are on the alert.

The beat of the old London watchman was a given round of streets and bye-ways, traversable in about a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time he found



himself again at his "box," from which he had set out. Having done his round, he buried himself in his box for the following quarter of an hour, emerging again when the half-hour struck, to repeat his song and his round—and so on during the whole of the night until six o'clock in the morning. At least, that is what he was supposed to do, and was paid for doing; but the common practice, we are bound to say, was far different. The watchmen were, for the most part, old men past regular work; the constant plodding round their beats was too much for them; the drams and drops of comfort which they partook of at the night-houses had the effect of making them drowsy; their boxes offered them a comfortable retreat from the cold and wet; and the consequence was, that, by the small hours of the morning, very few of them were to be heard proclaiming the time, and the majority of them would be found fast asleep in their boxes. These watchboxes, by the way, formed one of the features of London streets, which has now entirely vanished. They were formed of wood, were about a yard square, penthoused at the top, and the door was cut in halves, so that either the upper or lower portion could be opened at the occupant's convenience. They stood on the foot-pavements, in such spots as they could most conveniently be placed, and they abounded in every part of the metropolis. They were provided with a broad seat, a shelf overhead, and pegs whereon to hang the lantern and rattle when they were not in use.

The reader will readily imagine that such a class of watchers were but a small terror to evil-doers; in fact, neither thief nor burglar held them in much dread, especially as they always announced their approach by their cries, and nothing could be easier than to get out of their way. They were, to a certain extent, formidable, from the number of them that might be gathered together by springing the rattle; but proofs were not wanting that they feared the rogues quite as much as the rogues feared them. In cases of sudden alarm they made a terrible din, and, rushing in crowds to the spot, would prolong the uproar till half the parish was awake, and finish by capturing some innocent spectator after the real offenders had vanished. This was so often the case, that people began to doubt whether there was not a sort of tacit compromise between watchmen and rogues, to let one another alone. The want of confidence on the part of the public was manifested in a practical way; people who had valuable property to guard, appointed their own watchmen: in the city, where the ordinary watch was more effective than in other parts of the metropolis, private watchmen had long been numerous, and their employment became more general elsewhere as the established watch sunk lower and lower in public esteem. In the wealthy districts of the west-end, private watchmen became the rule, and their absence the exception: owners of property kept numbers of them in pay, levying their cost upon occupiers in the shape of an increased rental. As may be supposed, this plan resulted in making the established watch less effective, as it in a manner took their duty out of their hands, and furnished a plea for neglect.

But if the watchmen—the "Charlies," as they were now called—feared the rogues, there was a class whom they feared and disliked far more, and to whom they afforded no end of amusement and rather questionable sport. These were the "fast men," the "Mohawks," and "Tom-and-Jerry Boys" of the day. To these fashionable rowdies there was no excitement half so agreeable after midnight, as that of harrying a "Charlie," or any number of "Charlies" who came in their way. A common trick was to seize the watchman suddenly,

despoil him of his lantern, rattle, and staff, and make off with them. Another was to make friends with him, beguile him with drink, and, when he was too far gone to resist, tie him fast to a lamp-post with his own neckerchiefs, and there leave him. A third was to dog him stealthily to his box, and then to overturn the box upon him, crushing his lantern and flattening his nose upon the pavement. Sometimes an active runner would wrest the rattle from Charlie's grasp, and springing it as he ran, would make off down the centre of the Strand at a rate that defied pursuit, while a long tail of watchmen increasing at every turning, rattled and shouted, and ran at a hopeless distance in the rear. The newspapers were full of these adventures, and offences against the watch formed a large proportion of the police cases which came before the magistrates; the punishment was invariably a fine; and as the rowdies were of a class who could afford to pay for their amusement, the law did but little towards abating it. A glance at the caricatures of the ten years from 1820 to 1830, would show us the London watchman in a thousand ridiculous positions—all exaggerations, of course—but pointing plainly to the facts that by this time the guardians of the night had incurred the sovereign contempt of the people, and that no man any longer placed confidence in them. One of these caricatures represented a lanky Mohawk flourishing a rattle in one hand and striding away at a ten-mile pace with a watchman under his arm—the captured Charlie kicking and sprawling, and bawling out, "I say, I say, you sir! if you don't put me down I'll take you up!" The public laughed heartily at such jokes as these, but at the same time they did not miss the serious fact that lay under them; and day by day the feeling was growing in all minds that a thorough change was indispensable, and that the time for it was fast approaching.

Meanwhile a complete reform in the article of lighting had been accomplished. The old blinking lamps had been banished from the streets, and new gas-lamps had taken their place. At first the exchange produced no very extraordinary benefit, because the art of manufacturing and managing the gas had to be learned from experience. The first gas-lights were not steady, but burned by fits and starts, and now and then they went out altogether, to the great dismay of the public, who were left in total darkness. The experiments of a few years, however, overcame all difficulties, and a system of lighting was perfected which may be said to have inaugurated a new social era. Among other things which it accomplished, it lengthened the industrial day, by enabling the craftsmen of numberless trades to work advantageously for longer hours; it laid the foundation of the practice of late shopping, which by its abuse in our own day has given rise to the Early Closing movement; it lured people from their homes after dark, and made evening promenading not only practicable but agreeable; then for the first time the London shops put on their nightly splendours, and tradesmen began to vie with each other in the brilliancy of their evening displays. Taken all together, the "night side of London" under the reign of gas assumed an aspect which it had never worn before, and awoke into exercise ten thousand activities which for centuries had lain dormant. The new light was recognised at once as an element of protection from robbery and violence; but at the same time, it only brought out in stronger relief the almost utter worthlessness and incapacity of the antiquated watchmen, who were now subjected to general criticism as they moved in the unwonted light along their accustomed rounds.

The desiderated change came at last, though not before the year 1830, when Sir Robert Peel's Metro-

politan Police Act was passed, by which the old watch both within and without the city were abolished, and their function was transferred to one force both for day and night duty—the whole force being under the superintendence of commissioners acting under the responsibility of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Sir Robert Peel usually has the credit of having devised and created the new Police Force, which is identified with his name; and he certainly proposed the system in Parliament, and with much labour and pains matured the plans for carrying it out, and by passing his Bill through both Houses, procured for it the sanction of the legislature. But nearly two years before Sir Robert proposed his system, the whole plan had been published in "Bell's Life in London," by the late Vincent George Dowling, who was then the editor of that newspaper, and who therefore must be considered to be, as he himself claimed to be, the originator of the scheme on which the new system of police was organized.

The present police force consists of about seven thousand men, including superintendents, inspectors, sergeants, and constables. About two-thirds of the entire number are on duty all night, and about one-third all day. During the night they never cease patrolling the whole time they are on duty, being forbidden even to sit down. The police district is mapped out into divisions, the divisions into subdivisions, the subdivisions into sections, and the sections into beats, all being numbered and the limits carefully defined. "To every beat certain constables are specifically assigned, and they are provided with little maps called beat-cards. So thoroughly has this arrangement been carried into effect, that every street, road, lane, alley, and court within the metropolitan district—that is, the whole of the metropolis (except that small part, the 'city' of London), the county of Middlesex, and all the parishes, two hundred and eighteen in number, in the counties of Surrey, Kent, Essex, and Hertfordshire, which are not more than fifteen miles from Charing Cross, comprising an area of about seven hundred square miles, ninety miles in circumference—is visited constantly day and night by the police. Within a circle of six miles from St. Paul's the beats are ordinarily traversed in periods varying from twenty-five to seventy minutes; and there are points which, abounding in the dangerous classes, are never free from the policeman's inspection. Nor need it be supposed that this system places the wealthier localities at a disadvantage; for it is an axiom in police, that you guard St. James's by watching St. Giles's."

The plan of divisions and subdivisions, with the numerous police stations it necessitates, wonderfully facilitates the communication of information to all parts of the metropolis. "Intelligence is conveyed from one constable to another, till it reaches the station-house; thence, by an admirable arrangement of routes and messengers, it passes to the Central Office in Scotland Yard, thence along radiating lines to each division, and from the divisional station-house to every constable in the district. In case of emergency, the commissioner could communicate intelligence to every man in the force, and collect the whole of the men upon one spot in the space of two hours. The power of rapid concentration has worked so effectually, that since the establishment of the metropolitan police, it has never been found necessary to call the military into actual operation in aid of the civil force. Nor can clearer proof be given of perfect discipline than by the fact that so large a number of men in the prime and vigour of life, receiving but moderate wages—exposed in an unusual degree to the worst temptations of London, and

discharging, for the most part during the night, a very laborious duty, always irksome and often dangerous, are kept in complete control without any extraordinary coercive power. How irksome is even the ordinary duty of the policeman may be seen in the facts, that the distance he walks daily on his rounds, including his visits to the police-offices, averages about twenty-five miles; and that during two months out of every three, each constable has nine hours of night duty to perform.\*

The City Police is distinct from that of the metropolitan districts, and is managed by a commissioner under the corporation. The commissioner has the ordering of the whole force, consisting of about six hundred men; but his measures are subject to the approbation of the lord mayor and aldermen, and of the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

That the new police, when first organized and placed on duty, should meet with a good deal of opposition from the lower orders of the people, was no more than might have been expected. At first they met with unqualified abuse from the mob, while the fast men and dandies of the day sought to reduce them to the level of the cashiered Charlies, and to make them the subjects of the same practical jokes. The new men, however, asserted their value effectively against both parties: the mob grew weary of tumults which ended in their punishment by the magistrates, while the "larkers" at length learned respect for the prowess of a set of men "in the vigour and prime of life," who could play at the game of hard knocks quite as well as themselves. In less than a twelvemonth the new police was acknowledged an unexampled success; street robberies, street rows, and violence had wonderfully diminished; and every man who walked the London thoroughfares felt that the law now afforded him better protection than he had ever enjoyed before. One bad consequence resulted from this general feeling, and that was, that people, shopkeepers especially, trusting too much to the police, began to take less care of their property, and, by exposing it in a manner which they would never have thought of under the old system, laid the idle and dishonest under new temptations.

The success of the experiment in London ultimately led to the extension of the new system of police throughout the provincial towns, and then to the establishment of a rural police for the country districts. At the present date our large cities and towns are as well watched and lighted as London itself; and if this is not the case in our smaller towns, villages, and hamlets, it is mostly because such stringently effective measures are not needed. In some towns of a few hundred, or even a thousand or two inhabitants, a single policeman may be found doing duty for two or three places lying at the distance of three or four miles from each other. It is not to be inferred from this, that such places are left without any other protection in case of need: some of them still maintain their old foot-patrol at their own

\* The following statistics of the Metropolitan Police Force are gathered from the Report of the Commissioners recently published, and are applicable to the state of the force at the close of the year 1862. Of the 7000 men comprising the whole body, 25 are superintendents, 106 are inspectors, and 774 are sergeants—the remaining 6080 forming the body of constables; the management being vested in a Commissioner and two Assistant Commissioners, who keep in employ an efficient staff of clerks. The cost of the entire force in 1862 was £567,818. Of this large sum the London parishes paid £340,915, and Government paid £141,762 for the use of police in national establishments: viz. for dockyards, £38,188; for military stations, £2238; for the British Museum, £1600; for the South Kensington Museum, £1853; for the Houses of Parliament, £1294; for the several public parks, nearly £200 each; and for the Chancellor's Entrance to the Peers, £127. Public companies and private persons paid for police £5943; the theatres paid £909; the owners of dangerous structures paid £519; and the International Exhibition paid the large sum of £12,000.

municipal charges; some employ paid watchmen to perambulate their streets and roads during the six months of short days; and all have their parish constables sworn to keep the peace and protect her Majesty's lieges in cases of emergency.

As to the effect of the new police upon crime during the last thirty years, it is not possible to speak with anything like accuracy. It is said that the convictions have not been much fewer in number in proportion to the population than they were under the old system; but, allowing that to be the case, if we take into the account that the number of offenders brought up in custody has, relatively, largely increased, the inference that proportionally fewer offences have been committed is unavoidable. This is, however, a complicated subject, and would require much more space even for its superficial treatment than can be found for it here.

Until very lately, the general efficiency of the police, in their capacity of guardians of the peace and of the public property, was almost universally acknowledged, and the citizens of London were accustomed to look to them with confidence for aid and protection in the hour of need. But towards the close of the summer of '62, a new crime, hideous in its audacity and atrocity, startled the public, and seemed for a time to defy the watchfulness of their protectors, and the police in consequence sunk considerably in the popular estimate. The police could hardly be inculpated; the foul deeds of the garotters were an exceptional monstrosity, born of the desperation of desperate characters—men let loose upon society without the means or the inclination to live by honest labour, and too much pampered by prison indulgences to endure privation. That bitter birth of the ticket-of-leave system burst upon us like some natural convulsion, and it is no marvel that the ordinary guardians of the social weal were for a time puzzled in dealing with it. They did deal with it, however, in the end, and that so effectually as almost to purge the metropolis of this class of criminals; and at the present date the public mind is relieved from the alarm they occasioned.

#### FOUR YEARS IN THE PRISONS OF ROME.

CHAPTER XL.—SENTENCED TO THE GALLEYS FOR TWENTY YEARS.—  
IN THE INFIRMARY OF THE PRISON.

BEHOLD me now in a new prison, the small support of three ounces of fish per day taken away, and this from one who had been accustomed to all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. A liquid, which they called soup—water, with a little paste or beans in it—was served to us, with a portion of unwholesome bread, almost black, which, when put into the mouth, was found in the middle to be like damp dust gritting against our teeth; and this was all wherewith we had to sustain nature. We were all like pale ghosts, being so miserably attenuated and weakened. I was without the means of changing my dress in all that dreary time. My lady readers will excuse me when I tell that I had given my portion of bread more than once, and suffered a torment of famine not to be described, in exchange for another portion of water, to be enabled to wash the remnant of a shirt, which I had mended in a way that would, I dare say, be amusing to see; for I had procured from a fellow prisoner a few needles and thread. My dear wife has them, with the other relics of my prison life, in what she terms the "Box of Bitter Remembrance."

On the 3rd of August, I was sent for by the Supreme Guardian, Chancellor Neri; and here a vulgar-looking man presented me with a paper, which was the sentence of

the Sacra Consulta. I opened and read it through, with a sentiment of desperate calmness which I now wonder at, for my very heart seemed to die within me. Without calling me again after that mock trial, without being able to tell me of what I stood accused, the court had condemned me to the galleys for twenty years! My prayer was that God in his mercy might enable me to look my situation in the face as becomes a man and a Christian; for I felt as if all my suffering pressed on my heart and stopped its beating, and there was a wild feeling of wanting to lie down somewhere, if it were only on the stones. Wife, children, parents, all rose to my inward sight. I should never see them again. I was almost tempted to doubt the unerring justice of Heaven. They had declared me guilty, I afterwards learnt, of possessing papers relative to secret societies. This was for want of something of which to accuse me, as I never had anything to do with such proceedings. They did not even say to what secret society I belonged, when seen there, and by whom; but they had condemned me without cause, without rule, well knowing that from that so-called Sacred Tribunal I could make no appeal.

Do what I could, my mind would rest on each fearful particular that I had ever heard of the galleys—the chained feet and other horrors. I wonder I had not gone mad or become an idiot. I endeavoured to pray, and asked God to direct my poor wandering intellect; for, indeed, such strange sort of visionary feelings oppressed me that I could say nothing else. I suddenly felt as if the Almighty in his mercy gave me strength of purpose. I bethought me of my friend, the Father Cipolla. I wrote to him, praying him to come and see me. I reminded him of his promise of protection, and with another urgent entreaty that he would visit me directly, I closed my letter. I also wrote, although unwillingly, to the Austrian ambassador; but I thought it better to run any risk if by possibility I might escape that last indignity, the galleys.

I waited in great misery and suffering for four days, when, at last, I was told that I was to go into the Chancellor's room, as two gentlemen desired to see me. On presenting myself, I saw a person who told me he came on the part of the Austrian ambassador. The other was the Father Cipolla, and in his presence I gave to the Austrian envoy the judgment paper I had received. I entreated both most earnestly to do all in their power to save me from the dreadful sentence. The envoy promised that he would do all in his power for me; when the Father Cipolla, with much kindly emotion, told me that, on receiving my letter, he had charged himself to do all he could in my favour, and that, through the Rev. Signor Ruffini, the General Director of Police, he had procured me the exile I had requested. I could not find words for gratitude to my kind friend, and I prayed him to keep himself acquainted with my circumstances, always fearing treachery. I then turned to the Chancellor Neri, to see what his feelings were on the subject, and was surprised when he added that there was no doubt that in a few days I should have my requisite papers for exile.

Although my bed was a slab of stone, with that miserable pack of straw, and I was obliged to sleep in my clothes—such as they were—yet that night I slept, and dreamed of dear child voices and fresh young faces, who clustered round me calling me father, and when I awoke my eyes were wet.

I now began to look at my exile as a certainty; and, not allowed to return to my home, still I was free from the fear of the fate that threatened me, and I waited anxiously for many days, but nothing came for me. After some weeks had passed, and no notice was sent to



me, I began to fear that I had been deceived; and then came the sickening thought that all pity, all humanity, was shut out from the world; and the daylight seemed darker than before.

I had waited, endeavouring to sustain my heavy disappointment as well and with as much calmness as possible, when I was told that on that day, the 12th of August, the President of the Sacra Consulta, Matteucci, with a large body of priests, was about to pay what is called "*Visita di grazia*"—a visit of grace. I scarcely dared entertain the hope, but I thought he might be the bearer of my release; but no, far from it. On that day I had an opportunity of seeing a printed book, in which were the names of many hundred of the prisoners of these dungeons, among which I saw my own as Capo Settario, or chief of a society. So much for truth. I now began to speak to Signor Matteucci, when I was presented to him, about the judgment passed upon me; but he rudely cut me short by saying that he had only executed justice.

Justice! he did not know the meaning of the word; for I saw him speaking with clemency, and even with kindness, to robbers and assassins, to some of whom he with all graciousness gave their liberty, and to others good hopes of release.

It seemed at this time as if sorrow were added to sorrow indeed. "All Thy waves and storms have gone over me!" was indeed my inmost thought. There was, in the saloon where we ate and walked, a window, high up, and set very deep in the wall, and guarded with thick iron bars. Here we used to mount by turns, to get a little air, and look, as well as we could, on the sweet country, and envy the freedom of any one we might see. I had a little bird—a sparrow—which always came to be fed with a few crumbs of bread, which I kept in my waistcoat pocket for the purpose. This little bird fed from my hand; and I cannot tell what pleasure it was to see the little fellow come directly he saw me. On the morning of the 19th of September my companions and I, as usual, went to the window. After I had given my little favourite his meal, I was about descending from my place, when my foot slipped, and, losing my equilibrium, I fell with such violence that I broke my collar bone. The sudden fall and pain rendered me senseless for a time. I, however, soon recovered, and fervently thanked God that the hurt was no worse. I was, however, suffering very much, and was obliged to be taken to the infirmary of the prison, where I was put into what they called a bed: that is, there was a thin dirty mattress over the straw, and a very dirty covering.

In this place were forty-six persons—assassins, thieves, and other criminals. There were also some mad persons, who, I must mention by the way, are put there to test whether they are mad or not. Strange manner of treating the most pitiable malady to which our frail humanity is subject! There was an amusing diversity of character, which, to a person in different circumstances, would have been a study. One was a Neapolitan, who was accused of endeavouring to poison the servants of Signor Reyneval, the French Ambassador. He was really very kind and useful to me in my suffering state. I mention it with gratitude. I must say that his gentleness to me made me believe his attestation of innocence. He endeavoured to put an end to his life by starvation, rather than be deprived of his liberty. He was, at one time, three days, and afterwards eight days, without eating or drinking. Indeed, it was with some trouble that the physician saved his life; for he had become so ill and emaciated

through famine, that the doctor had to put a little wine and light food between his teeth with an instrument, which saved his life.

During this digression, I have forgotten to speak of my broken bone and my consequent suffering. The surgeon examined into the consequences of my fall, and assured me there was no cause for fear, but did nothing for me. Two days after came another surgeon; this man was decorated, and well he deserved his insignia; for he possessed great skill and a kind heart—two things not always united. He found me feverish and ill from neglect. With much care he set the broken bone, and left me comparatively easy. During these long days and nights of illness (for I was more than two months in the infirmary) I occupied myself in dictating to the so-called madmen various supplications and prayers, and letters to their different friends. For others who were suffering imprisonment I also wrote, or rather dictated to them; for I was still always in bed. One unfortunate man, Signor Domenico Lustrissimi di Sabina, was condemned for killing his uncle. The poor man was certainly killed by his nephew; but he mourned day and night his act, which was that of an accidental explosion of the gun which he held in his hand after he had returned from wild-fowl shooting. Many of these defences and supplications met with the most favourable results.

I have also to speak of something which, ridiculous as it may seem, served to pass away the time and distract my thoughts from suffering. In the infirmary, among those mad, was a very diminutive gentleman, a native of Piedmont, who was reported very clever in languages, and in other branches of knowledge. The reason of our having the pleasure of his company was on this wise. He had assumed the character of a bishop, and had been in various places on the continent of Europe, having with him false bulls of the Pope. He went here and there, celebrating the mass, and also administered the sacraments of the Roman Church. He had assumed the name of the great family of Altieri; and, after having received a great deal of money from those of his faith, he was at last suspected of not being what he seemed, and upon further proof was put into prison as acting under an aberration of mind. To us he declared that the Almighty had sent him as his true representative on earth.

Here also was M. Rossi, administrator of the funds of the College of Rome called Sapienza. He was put into prison on account of a deficiency of 30,000 crowns of the college money; but he affirmed that his ecclesiastical superior had appropriated the money. Nevertheless, as he was not a political prisoner, he was allowed a separate room, good bed, and, indeed, treated with every consideration.

Whilst suffering from my broken bone, and obliged, of course, to lie in bed, I used to carefully study the missal which always lay on the altar, destined for the mass on Sundays (*Giorni Festivi*). It was then that I began to see more plainly the grave errors of the Roman religion; and I prayed earnestly, in the words of the Psalmist, that God would send forth his light and his truth; for I began to feel the insufficiency of the religion I then professed, to give me that consolation which I so much needed. My prayers were answered; for from that hour the rays of Divine truth and love became as a "lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

My broken bone was a long time in getting well, or rather, I ought to say, the great weakness arising from it, on account of my great exhaustion, and having no proper nourishment for an invalid; hence, my want of strength kept me in the infirmary for a long time. I

was still anxiously, as you may be assured, looking and waiting for the order with which the Father Cipolla said he had been charged by Ruffini, when, to my great sorrow, on the 8th of November Signor Ruffini died.

On the 22nd the secretary of the late gentleman, accompanied by the secretary of the Sacra Consulta, came to the prison, asking me if I had anything to say about the prisoners or the prisons, which would interest the government. Knowing the perfidy and wickedness of this mis-named tribunal, I answered with decision, and, indeed, with indignation, that I had nothing to say of others' business; that all I asked was the fulfilment of the promise I had received from the late Signor Ruffini, which was that I should be allowed to go into exile. He answered me that he could say nothing about it at present; and, finding he could not make me criminate myself, they both left me.

What was I to think? To what would all this lead? Had I indeed been made the victim of a false promise, and would that dreadful sentence be put into effect? Must I die a galley slave? for, live in that torture I knew I could not; my strength was almost gone already. Affliction, famine, want of rest, had made such ravages in my appearance, that I was more like a corpse than a living man. My own mother could not have recognised her only son.

Oh, Italia! how much more of thy best blood must waste away in a prison cell, or be spilt in thy most sainted cause, before thou shalt be entirely free?

I now remembered that whilst in Rome, going here and there for a resting-place during the night, I was at length received into the house of the brothers Bassi. Both these young men were arrested on the same day as myself; but I showed no signs of recognition, or ever said that I had lived in their house, or, indeed, recognised them at all. However, I believe on the very evening of my arrest the carabinieri proceeded to their house, making a most rigorous search through the rooms, when, in the wardrobe of their sister Matilda, they found two printed papers, which two papers were given to the judge as belonging to me—against every reason and justice; because this wardrobe was in the room in which slept the sister and mother of the brothers Bassi, which room was distant from the one wherein I slept—a room I had never even seen. In the room where I had slept the carabinieri found my papers and letters—what few I had—which were of no importance. Yet, with all this want of any proof, the Sacra Consulta had found me guilty, and, against every principle of justice, had condemned me, calling me, above all, "Capo Settario."

On the 5th of December I heard from a prisoner, who came into the infirmary with a wounded hand, that the younger brother had been set at liberty three months after his arrest; also the elder, Augustus, who was an artillery soldier of the Pope, was the day before the 4th set at liberty from his miserable prison, but was ordered into exile—he did not know to what country. Therefore he, the real possessor of the papers (for he was punished as such, being sent from his country after being imprisoned), was freed from the dreadful prison, whilst I was still lingering in captivity. Besides, if he was thus proved guilty, I must, by their own reasoning, be guiltless. My poor companion began to congratulate me, and said that no doubt I should have the same favour shown to me. Poor fellow! he encouraged my spirits so much, that at last, from moment to moment, I expected to receive the order of my leave of exile. I therefore gained courage, and, after all my hopes and fears, I tried to think my liberation at hand.

## Varieties.

INFANT ROYALTY OF EUROPE.—The Portraits in the picture accompanying the February Part of "The Leisure Hour," are from photographs, most of them recently taken. From the "Almanach de Gotha" we give the full and official titles. i. The Prince Imperial of France, *Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph*. Born, March 16, 1856. ii. Prince *Frederic William* Victor Albert (of Prussia). Born, January 27, 1859. iii. Princess *Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte* (of Prussia). Born, July 24, 1863. Children of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia; grand-children of Queen Victoria. iv. Princess *Beatrice Mary Victoria Féodore* (of Great Britain.) Born, April 14, 1857. v. Prince Imperial of Austria, Archduke *Rudolf Francis Charles Joseph*. Born, August 21, 1858. vi. Prince *Waldemar* (of Denmark). Born, October 27, 1858; youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, and of the King of Greece. vii. Failing to procure any photograph of the Russian Emperor's children, we give one taken some years ago, of the Grand-duke *Nicolas Constantinovitch*. Born, February 14, 1850; eldest son of the Grand-duke Constantine, and nephew of the Emperor Alexander II.

SIR HUGH MYDDLETON.—In March, 1606, Hugh Myddleton, then a goldsmith in Cheapside, made an offer to the Corporation to bring a supply of water from Hertfordshire at his own expense. The work was begun in 1608. Myddleton spent all his fortune in the undertaking, the obstacles proving greater than he had anticipated, especially the cost of purchasing land. Failing to obtain extension of contract from the Corporation, Myddleton made an arrangement with King James, who was willing to pay half the cost in consideration of being entitled to half the property. The work was completed in 1613. Myddleton induced shareholders to advance his share of the money. For eighteen years no return was obtained. King Charles made over the royal shares on condition of the crown obtaining £500 a year from future profits. The shares gradually advanced, till they reached the vast value now attached to the New River Company's property. After two centuries the memory of Sir Hugh Myddleton has been honoured with a statue by the citizens of London, who derive so much benefit from his engineering skill and his public spirit.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.—The first exhibition of pictures of British artists took place in the society's house in 1760, and from the assistance rendered to artists at that period sprang the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, which commenced in 1768. In the society's house was held the first exhibition of new inventions, about a century ago. From 1780 to the present time prizes had been given for proficiency in various branches of art and science. Here arose the germ of international exhibition. Since 1851 the attention of the society had been specially directed to the encouragement of the industrial education of a very large class of persons for whom no adequate provision had previously been made. In 1853, when a committee was first appointed to inquire into the state of industrial education, there were but three great channels of instruction—our universities, our middle-class boarding-schools, and our National and British Schools. Until this society, aided by the counsel of the Prince Consort, offered a stimulus to study by a system of examination, no such institution existed. It was not until February, 1856, that the first regular programme was issued, nor until June of the same year that the first examination was made.

PERILS OF DIVING.—A very expert diver had been employed to recover the treasure from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship "Ara," wrecked a few years ago on the coast of Ceylon. Having, in a gutta-percha dress, made his way into the saloon, he was busy searching for the bullion, when, to his horror, he saw a huge ground shark come sailing in at the door. With great presence of mind, he lay motionless on the locker, and watched it silently and grimly cruising about. One can well imagine his feelings when he saw its cold, green eyes fixed upon him, and felt it pushing against the leaden soles of his boots, and rubbing against his dress, the slightest puncture in which would have been certain destruction. After ten minutes of suspense, which must have seemed an age, during which the monster came back twice or thrice, to have another look at him, Mr. Pound's courage and coolness were rewarded by seeing him steering his way back as he came. Afterwards he always armed himself with a large dagger when he went down to the wreck, from which he recovered altogether £220,000, having spent 850 hours under water.—*Cruise of H.M.S. "Fawn."*